


DEFIANT
2
SEPTEMBER
\$2.95
\$3.75 CANADA

WARRIORS OF PLASM



EPIPHANY

THE SEDITION
AGENDA
PART II

MY GOD,
WHERE ARE
WE NOW?

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DRAWN BY DAVID LAPHAM
INKED BY MIKE WITHERBY
COLORED BY JAMES BROWN
LETTERED BY GEORGE ROBERTS
EDITED BY DEBORAH PURCELL



SOME-PLACE THAT STINKS!

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION... A FLASH OF LIGHT...

I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED THAT WEIRD GUY.

I TOLD HIM TO SEND US HOME! WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL... LOOK OVER THERE.



MANHATTAN. WE MUST BE IN JERSEY.

IN THE MARSHES NEAR THE REFINERIES.

AT LEAST WE'RE IN THE RIGHT AREA CODE.



OH! UGH! THESE CLOTHES FEEL LIKE THEY'RE CRAWLING ON ME! REVEREND GILBERT...!

WE'LL BE RID OF THEM SOON, COOKIE! STAY CALM....

IT'S JUST ALL STARTING TO GET TO ME! I'M SCARED!



EVERY-THING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

LIEUTENANT, CAN YOU LEAD US BACK TO CIVILIZATION?

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN HER ITCHY SKIN!



GOD, I WISH I WERE LIKE YOU, MRS. J. I... I CAN'T HELP SEEING IN YOUR MIND HOW... NOBLE AND STRONG YOU ARE!

I CAN SEE YOUR SPIRIT. IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

OH! UM... THANK YOU.



ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP! COOKIE, IF YOU EVER WANT TO GET THAT PLUSH LITTLE BOTTOM OF YOURS HOME, THEN LISTEN UP!

LIEUTENANT, PLEASE...!



HEY, SHE'S A LADY. BE NICE.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE THINGS HE THINKS ABOUT ME...AND... OTHER PEOPLE!



WITHOUT ME, YOU'D HAVE BEEN DEAD BACK THERE... BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN AS OF NOW!

HOLD IT!

HUH?

THAT DOES IT! NOBODY'S POKING INTO MY HEAD!



LET'S THINK FOR A MINUTE, PEOPLE!

WE WERE SPIRITED AWAY TO SOME NIGHTMARISH PLACE, GOD KNOWS WHERE...

...WHERE EACH OF US SOMEHOW BECAME ABLE TO PERFORM MIRACLES! LOOK AT ME! I CAN HOLD LIGHT IN MY HAND... CALL IT TO ME LIKE A DOG!

THE IMPORTANCE OF THESE GIFTS DIDN'T END BECAUSE WE ESCAPED OUR CAPTORS. WE SHOULD THINK LONG AND HARD-- **TOGETHER**-- ABOUT WHERE WE GO FROM HERE...

...AND NOT LET PETTY EMOTIONS DECIDE FOR US.



HE'S RIGHT.

YES, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THIS OFF!



IT FEELS LIKE A BIG BUG OR CRAB SITTING ON MY SHOULDER! BUT I CAN'T **BUDGE** IT!

LET ME TRY.



OOH. IT FEELS SORT OF... **BUGGY**!



WHOOOPS!

I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO HOW **STRONG** I AM NOW! DID I HURT YOU, COOKIE?

NO... BUT...

...MY **SHIRT** SORT OF **SCREAMED**. NOT OUT LOUD... BUT, LIKE, IN MY MIND'S EAR.

IT'S... **ALIVE**!



NOW I GET IT! THE CLOTHES THEY GAVE US ARE **ALIVE**!

WELL... THIS PIECE ISN'T ANYMORE.

IT'LL GROW BACK IF I WANT IT. I FEEL LIKE...WE'VE GOT A **RAPPORT** NOW!

WOW.

GUYS, HOW ABOUT IF WE GO TO MY MOM'S HOUSE IN **HOBOKEN** TO TALK?



DON'T BE STUPID! WE SHOULD REPORT TO **FORT DIX**. THIS IS DEFINITELY A MILITARY MATTER.

WHY DOES EVERYBODY ASSUME BIG GUYS ARE DUMB? JUST BECAUSE I TALK SLOW...

NOW, BOYS! THAT'S ENOUGH!



I'VE BEEN THINKING... MAYBE WE SHOULD FIND A POLICEMAN!

WE WERE KID-NAPPED, AFTER ALL, AND WE'VE PROBABLY BEEN REPORTED MISSING. WE'LL CLEAR THAT UP! THEN THEY'LL PROBABLY HELP US GET HOME!



MRS. JOHNSON, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, WHAT HAPPENED TO US IS WAY OUT OF THE LEAGUE OF LOCAL POLICE....

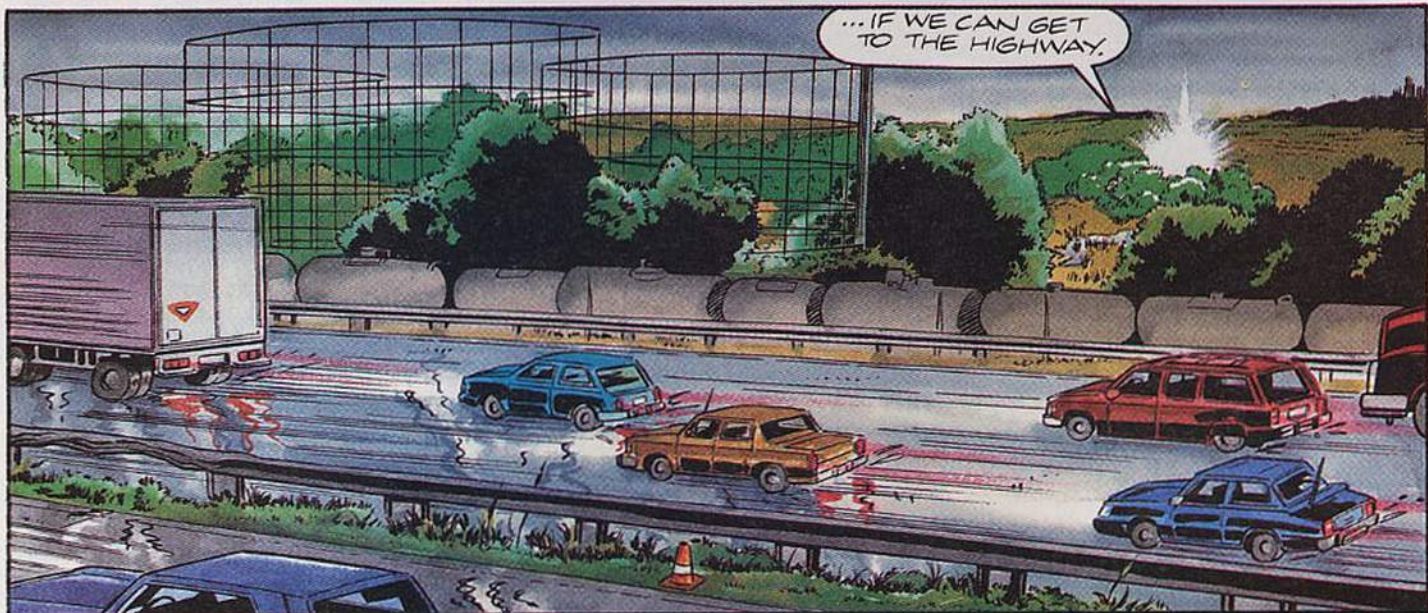
MAYBE, LIEUTENANT MAZEROV, BUT WE CAN START THERE.



LOOK, THIS IS A MATTER FOR MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

JUMBO SHRIMP POSTAL SERVICE! I KNOW SOME OXY-MORONS, TOO.

YOU'RE OUTVOTED. WE ALL AGREE WITH MRS. J! WE CAN FIND A COP PRETTY EASY...



...IF WE CAN GET TO THE HIGHWAY.



WELL, THIS OLD GRANDMA'S FEELING PRETTY SPRY SINCE... WHATEVER THEY DID TO ME.

MAYBE I CAN JUMP FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND



WHOOA!

WOW.

SHEE-OOT!



GOODNESS!

I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO... THE NEW ME!

MRS. J'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA. LET'S JUST GO!



SURE YOU CAN CARRY US, RICK?

SINCE WE GOT CHANGED, I COULD CARRY AN ELEPHANT!

HOP ABOARD, LIEUTENANT! PLENTY OF ROOM.

NO, THANKS.



ONLY ONE OF US NEEDS TO GET WET.

DON'T BE STUPID.



I'D RATHER BE ON MY OWN FEET. THE GEEKS WE GOT AWAY FROM WILL DEFINITELY COME AFTER US.

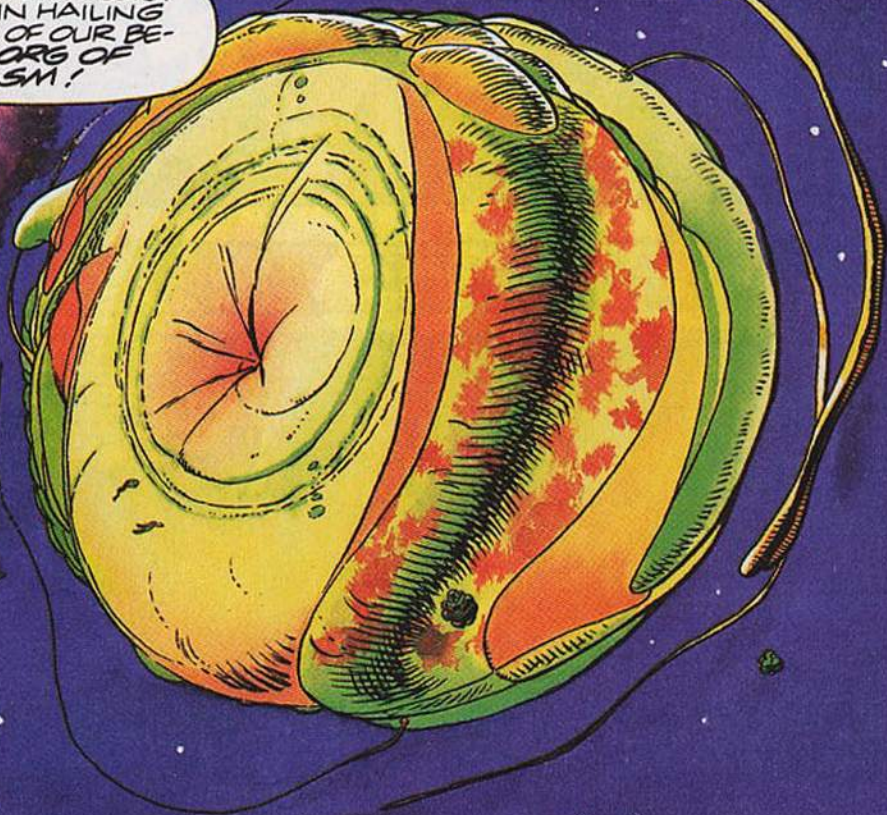
ONE OF US HAD BETTER BE READY TO FIGHT!

MEANWHILE, BEYOND THE IMAGINARY LIMITS OF REALITY...



LORD THORAXOLIC! WE ARE IN HAILING RANGE OF OUR BE-LOVED ORG OF PLASM!

COMMAND THE SHIP TO PETITION THE ORG TO DILATE AN ENTRY-PORE.

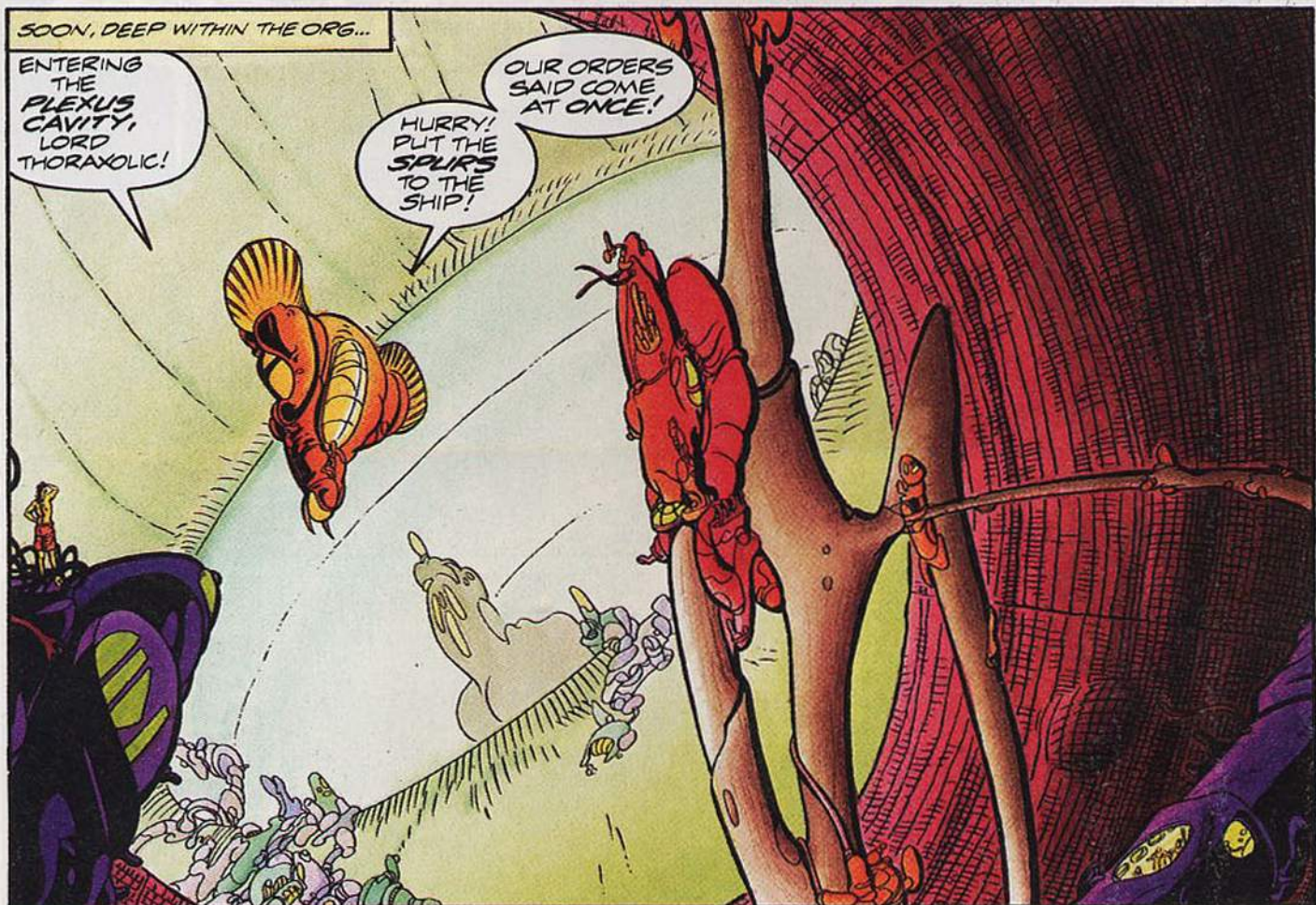


SOON, DEEP WITHIN THE ORG...

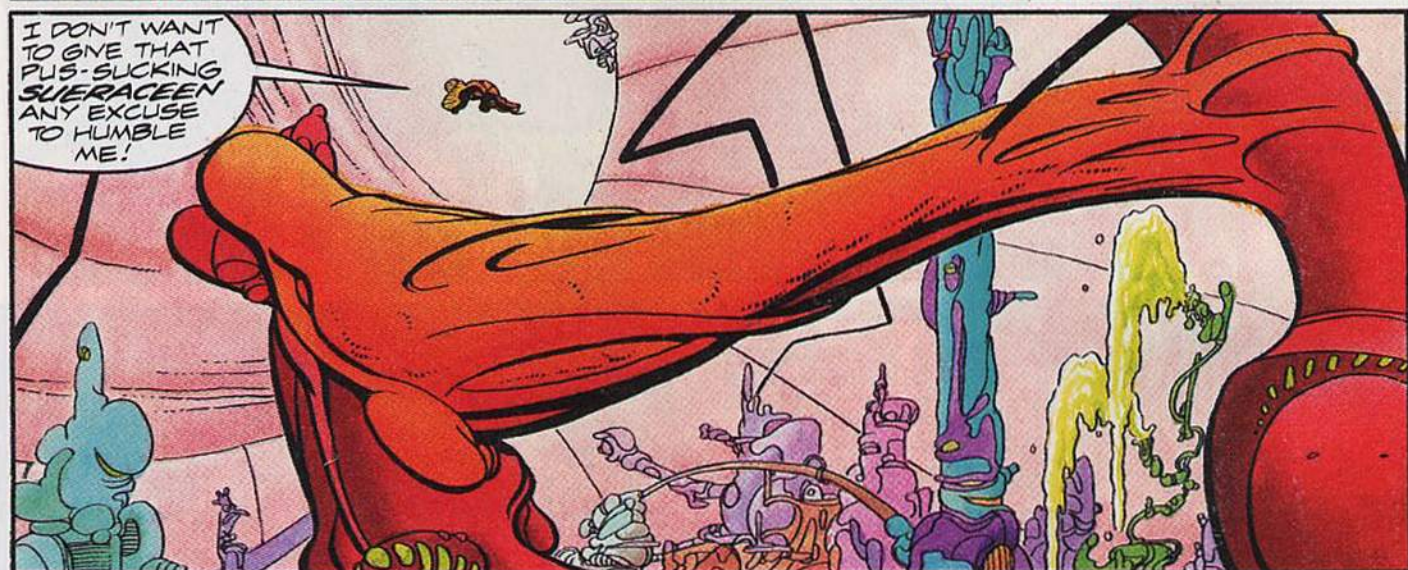
ENTERING
THE
PLEXUS
CAVITY,
LORD
THORAXOLIC!

OUR ORDERS
SAID COME
AT ONCE!

HURRY!
PUT THE
SPURS
TO THE
SHIP!



I DON'T WANT
TO GIVE THAT
PUS-SUCKING
SVERACEEN
ANY EXCUSE
TO HUMBLE
ME!



THE CENTRUM OF THE SUPREME
ACQUISITOR BECKONS THE SHIP
TO ALIGHT, LORD. ARRIVAL
IMMINENT!







THORAXOLIC
HERE.

HAIL, LORCA...
AND TO YOU,
TOO,
SUERACEEN.

HAVE YOU
MUSTERED THE
EXPEDITIONARY
FORCE, THOR?

SHE'D
BETTER
HAVE!

HOW LONG
UNTIL YOU
ARRIVE
HERE?



MY SHIP IS EMBRACING THE
CENTRUM NOW. THE TASK
FORCE IS ARRAYED IN THE
GUT-HOLD, READY FOR
INSPECTION.

MY ORDERS WERE
TO COME AT
ONCE. IF HIGH
GORE LORD
SUERACEEN
WANTED MORE
TIME FOR HER
LUST-GAMES...



...SHE
SHOULD
HAVE
SAID
SO.

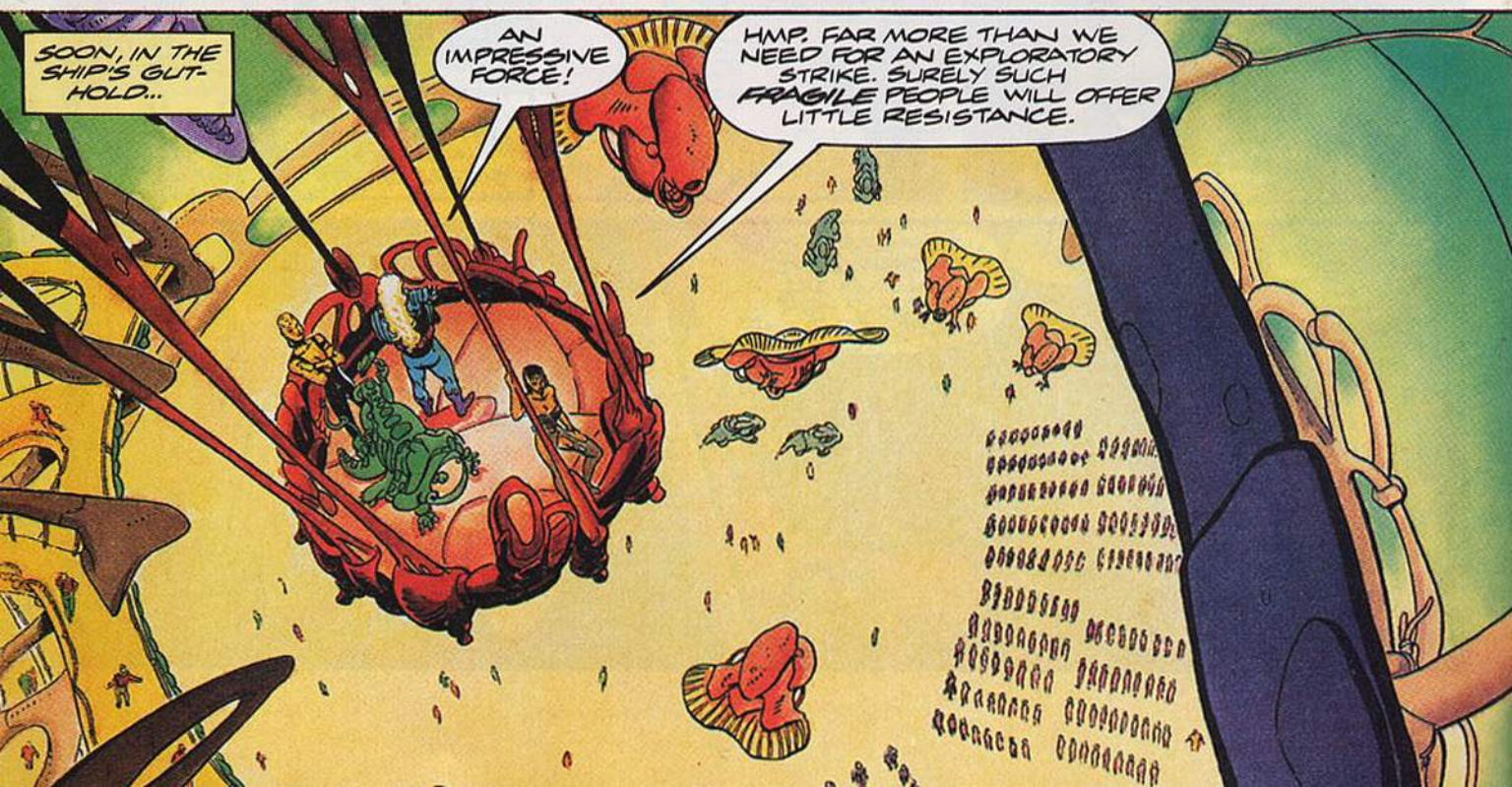
SHUT UP.
BLINK OUT,
AND STAND
BY FOR
INSPECTION.
NOW.



STUPID PHLEGM-WORM.
SHE'S JEALOUS, YOU KNOW.

SOMEDAY SHE'LL MAKE
A MISTAKE **BAD**
ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY
MY TWISTSTRIPPING HER.
ORG'S NODES, HOW I'LL
ENJOY THAT!

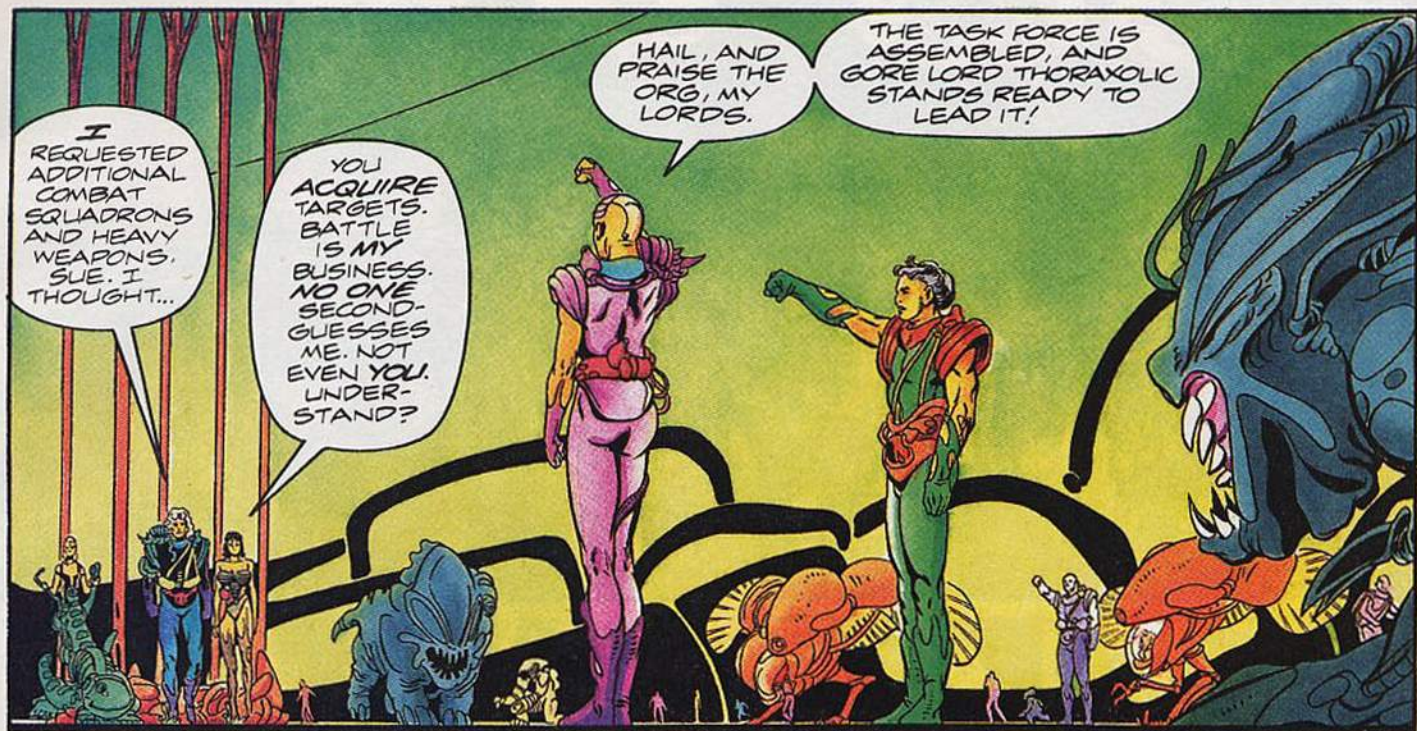
SUMMON SUPREME
BREEDER CRANIALIUS.
HAVE HER MEET US AT
THE MOUTH OF THORAXOLIC'S
SHIP.



SOON, IN THE
SHIP'S GUT-
HOLD...

AN
IMPRESSIVE
FORCE!

HMP. FAR MORE THAN WE
NEED FOR AN EXPLORATORY
STRIKE. SURELY SUCH
FRAGILE PEOPLE WILL OFFER
LITTLE RESISTANCE.



I REQUESTED ADDITIONAL COMBAT SQUADRONS AND HEAVY WEAPONS, SUE. I THOUGHT...

YOU ACQUIRE TARGETS. BATTLE IS MY BUSINESS. NO ONE SECOND-GUESSES ME. NOT EVEN YOU. UNDERSTAND?

HAIL, AND PRAISE THE ORG, MY LORDS.

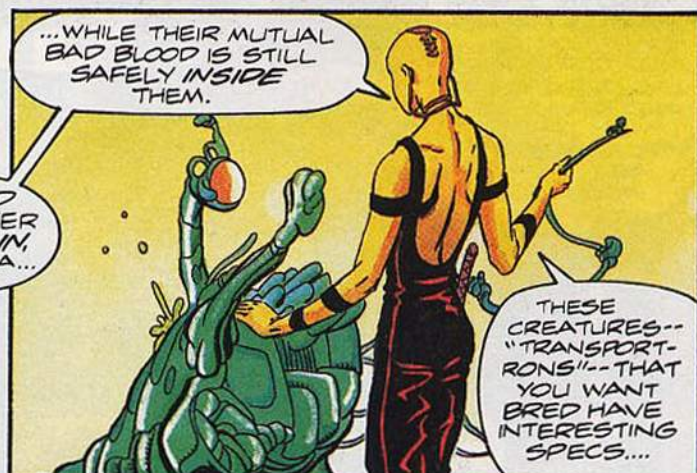
THE TASK FORCE IS ASSEMBLED, AND GORE LORD THORAXOLIC STANDS READY TO LEAD IT!



NO. I WILL LEAD THIS EXPEDITION PERSONALLY. I HAVE SOME MORE ERRANDS FOR YOU, PHLEGM-WORM.

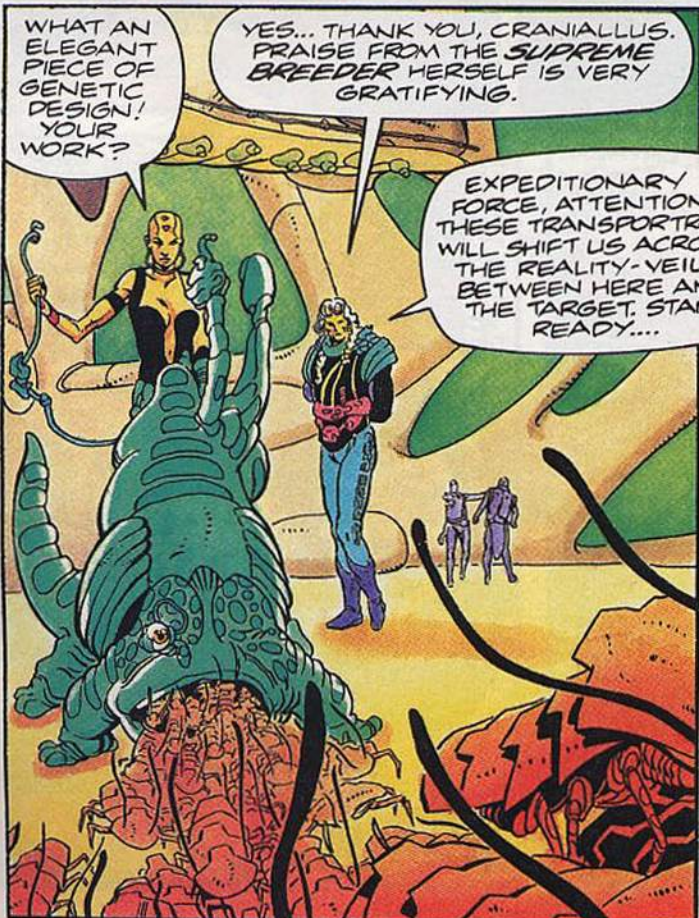
SOMEDAY, SUEFACEEN YOU'LL FALL FROM THE EMPEROR'S GRACE, AND OUR STATIONS WILL BE REVERSED...

WE'D BETTER BEGIN, LORCA...



...WHILE THEIR MUTUAL BAD BLOOD IS STILL SAFELY INSIDE THEM.

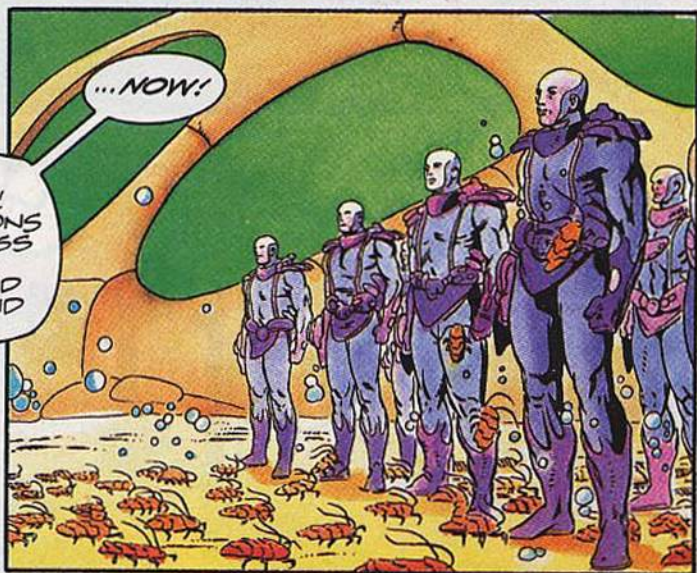
THESE CREATURES-- "TRANSPORT- RONS"-- THAT YOU WANT BRED HAVE INTERESTING SPECS....



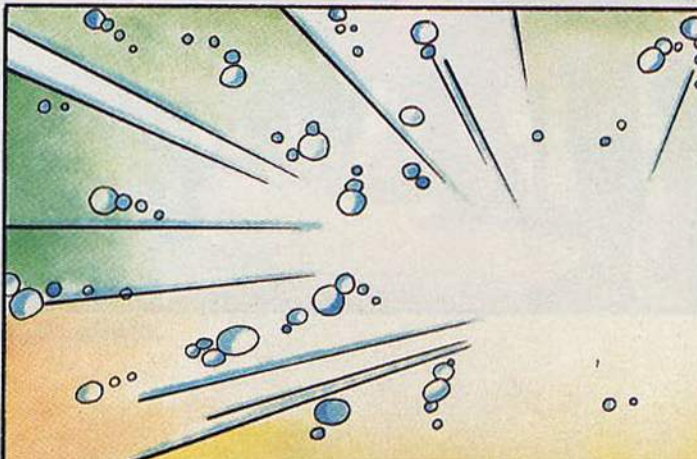
WHAT AN ELEGANT PIECE OF GENETIC DESIGN! YOUR WORK?

YES... THANK YOU, CRANIALIUS. PRAISE FROM THE SUPREME BREEDER HERSELF IS VERY GRATIFYING.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, ATTENTION! THESE TRANSPORTONS WILL SHIFT US ACROSS THE REALITY-VEIL BETWEEN HERE AND THE TARGET. STAND READY....



...NOW!



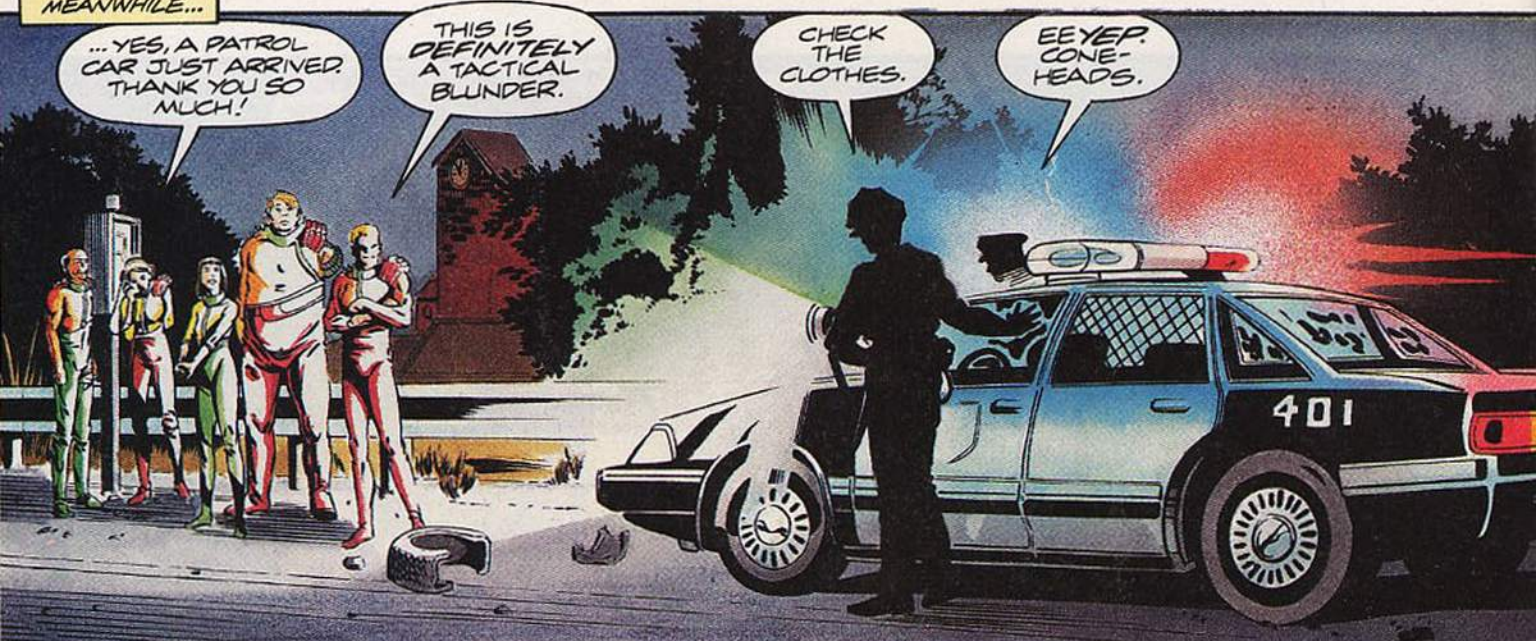
MEANWHILE...

...YES, A PATROL CAR JUST ARRIVED. THANK YOU SO MUCH!

THIS IS DEFINITELY A TACTICAL BLUNDER.

CHECK THE CLOTHES.

EEYEP. CONE-HEADS.



MINUTES LATER, AT THE ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, POLICE STATION...

...SO ONE MINUTE, I WAS MAKING FRENCH TOAST FOR PAUL AND OUR GRAND-CHILDREN, KEITH AND KEVIN-- I WISH I HAD PICTURES WITH ME! THEY'RE ADORABLE!

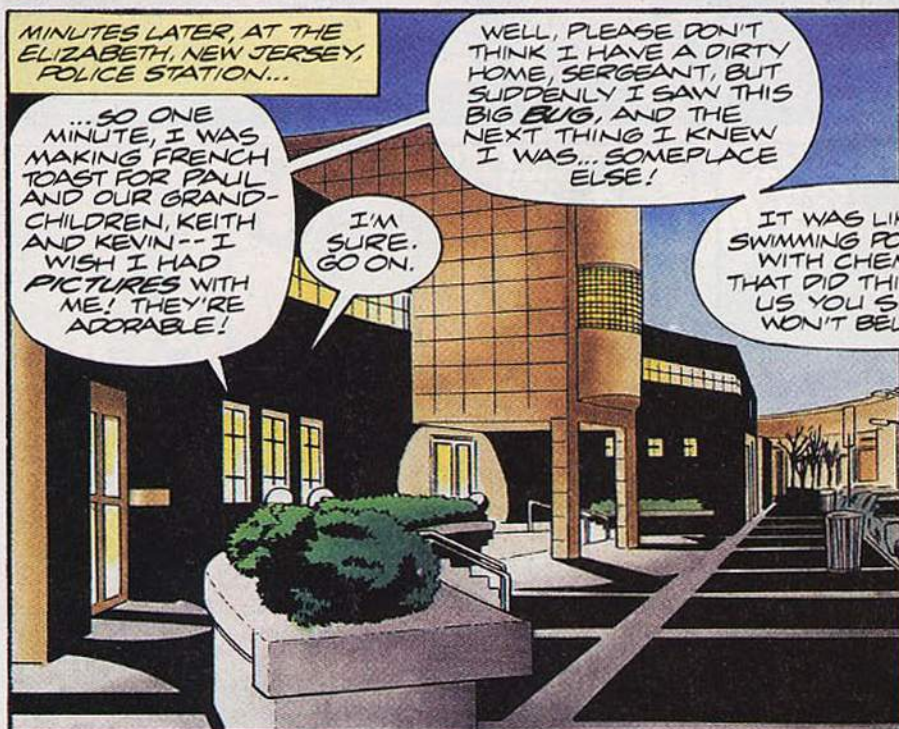
I'M SURE. GO ON.

WELL, PLEASE DON'T THINK I HAVE A DIRTY HOME, SERGEANT, BUT SUDDENLY I SAW THIS BIG BUG, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS... SOMEPLACE ELSE!

IT WAS LIKE A BIG SWIMMING POOL FILLED WITH CHEMICALS THAT DID THINGS TO US YOU SIMPLY WON'T BELIEVE.

THEN THESE CLOTHES GREW ON US... AND THEN PEOPLE STARTED SHOOTING AT US....

RIGHT.



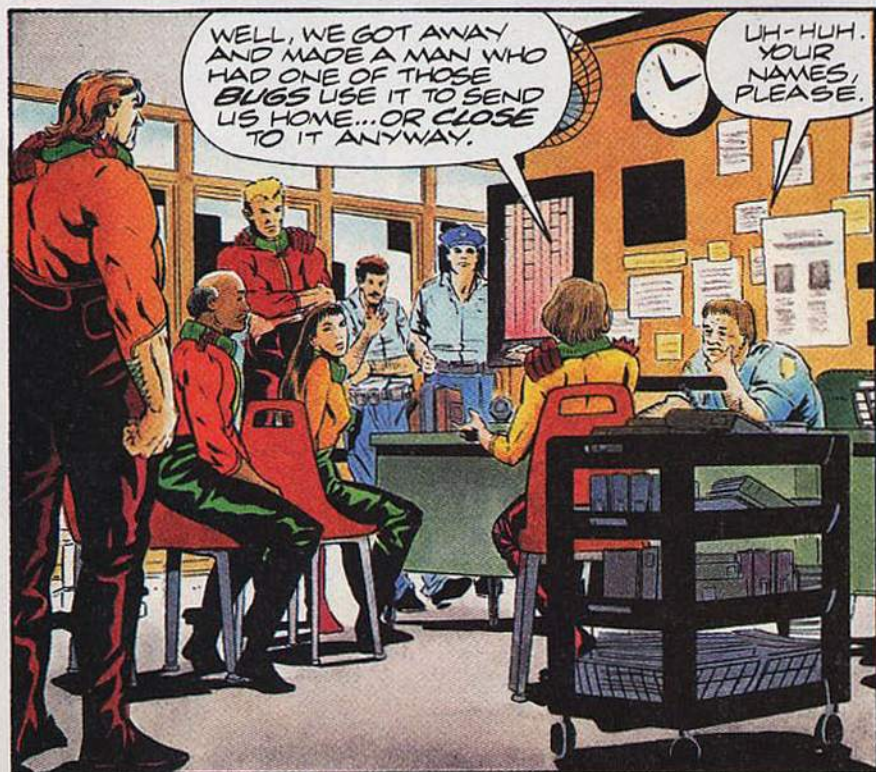
WELL, WE GOT AWAY AND MADE A MAN WHO HAD ONE OF THOSE BUGS USE IT TO SEND US HOME...OR CLOSE TO IT ANYWAY.

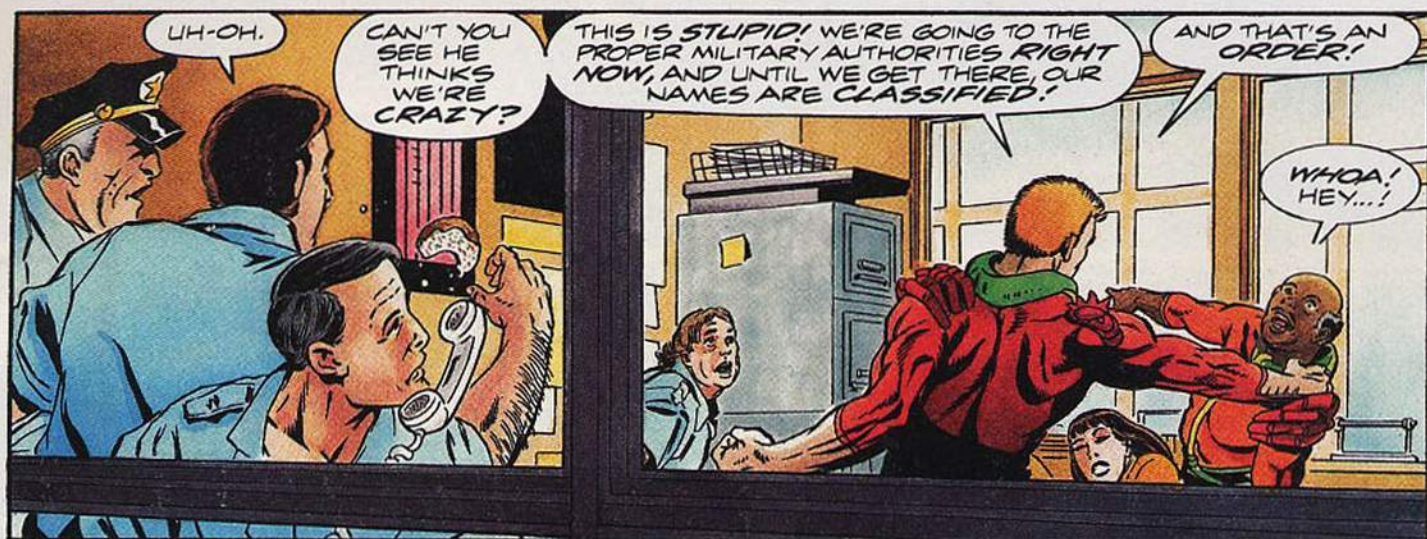
UH-HUH. YOUR NAMES, PLEASE.

SERGEANT, A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN THAT TERRIBLE PLACE. ONLY WE FIVE MADE IT OUT ALIVE! I... I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.

YOU WANT OUR NAMES, SIR? I'M REVEREND MAR--

NO!





MEANWHILE...







SHE POKES INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS....

YES, WE CAN ALL DO AMAZING THINGS... BUT OTHERWISE WE'RE JUST ORDINARY PEOPLE.

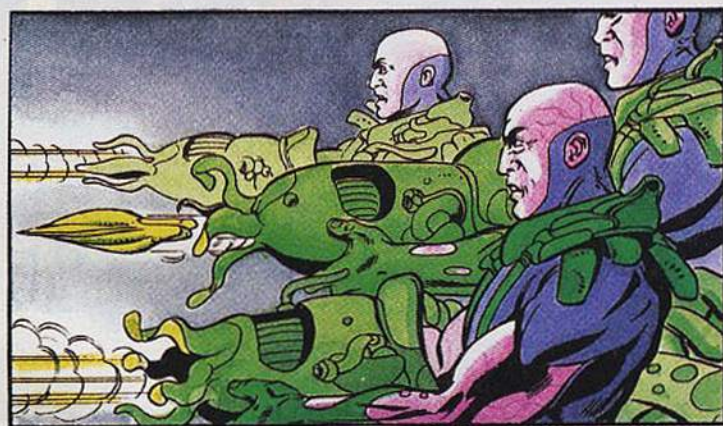
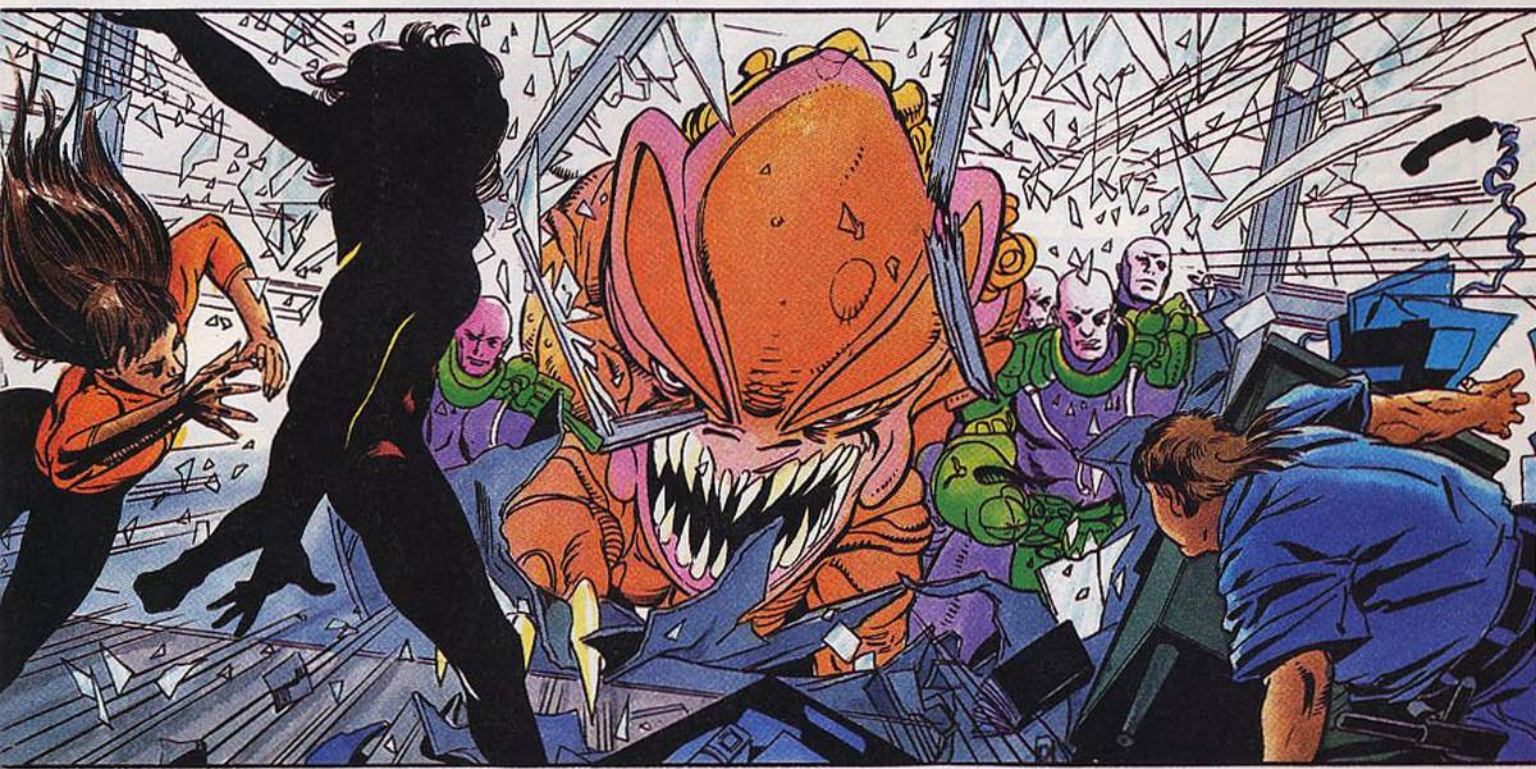
LADY, YOU ARE FOR SURE NOT ORDINARY.

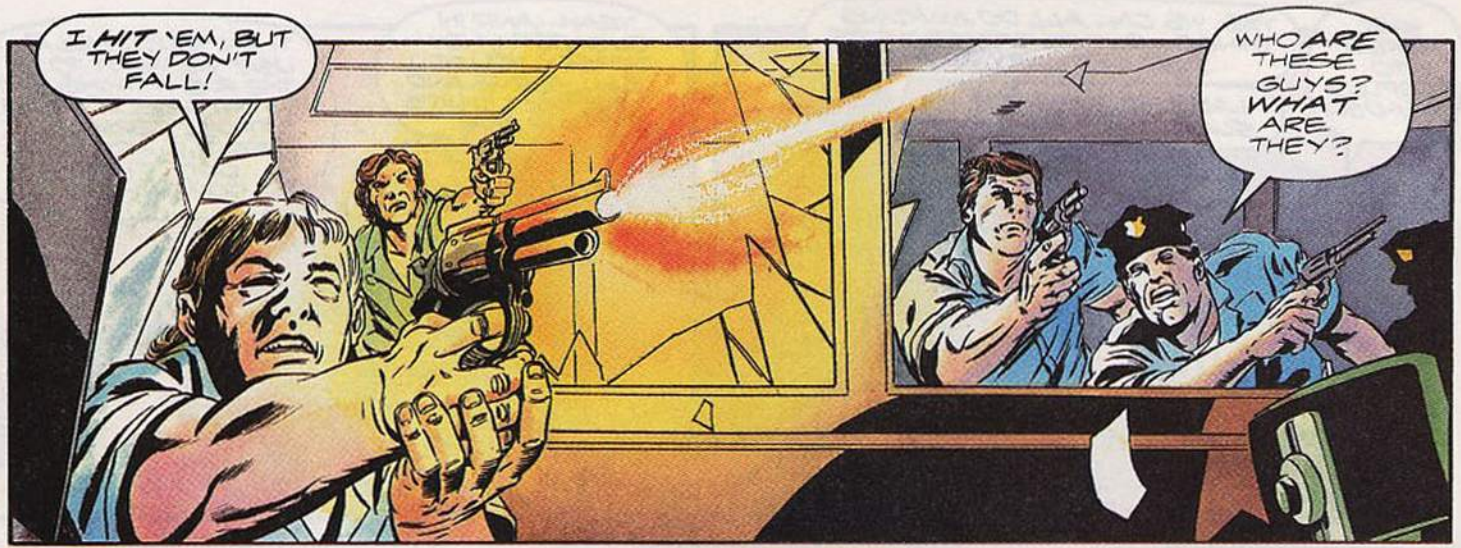
SERGEANT, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, YOU COULD ALWAYS TURN TO A POLICEMAN FOR HELP.

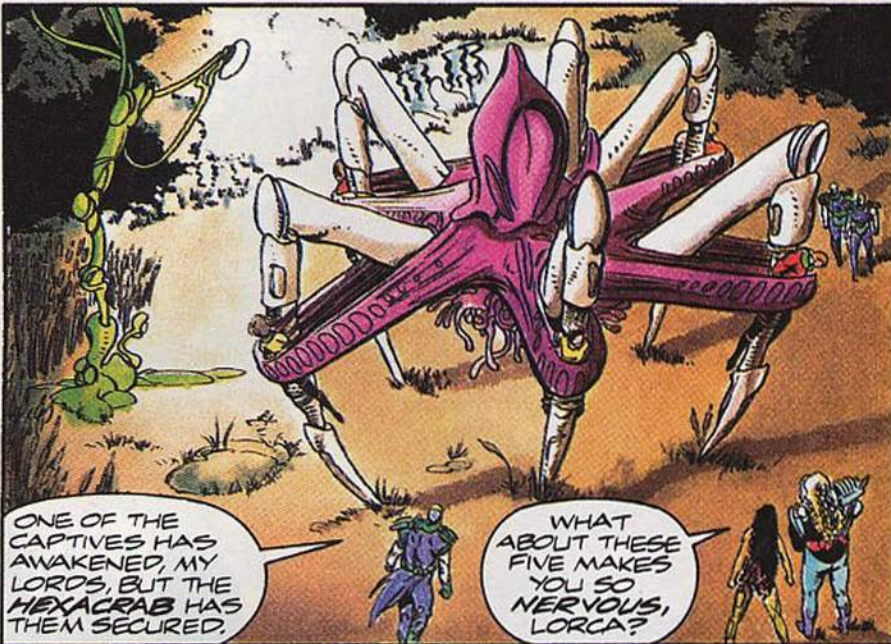
YEAH... AND IN ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, YOU STILL CAN. SERVE AND PROTECT. THAT'S THE JOB.

NOT THAT I BELIEVE ANY OF THIS...

THEN YOU'LL HELP US? WE WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING, BUT WHAT SHOULD WE DO? THOSE TERRIBLE PEOPLE ARE STILL OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE....







ONE OF THE CAPTIVES HAS AWAKENED, MY LORDS, BUT THE HEXACRAB HAS THEM SECURED.

WHAT ABOUT THESE FIVE MAKES YOU SO NERVOUS, LORCA?



THEY ARE MERELY WASTE PRODUCTS OF A GENETIC EXPERIMENT. A LOOSE END.

HMM... FORGIVE ME, LUST-MATE. I'D SUSPECTED THAT THEY WERE PART OF SOME TREACHEROUS SCHEME... BUT WHAT USE WOULD YOU HAVE FOR SUCH AS THESE?

WE'LL DISPOSE OF THEM... AND BEGIN THE CONQUEST OF THIS LUSH WORLD.



...HFF...FF...HOLD IT... HFF... NOBODY... FF... HFF... MOVE...!

HOY, WHAT'S THIS?



YOU'RE ALL... UNDER ARREST! NOW, WHO... ARE YOU... AND WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I AM **SUERACEEN**, HIGH GORE LORD OF THE ORG OF **PLASM**.

WE INTEND TO CONQUER THIS PLANET, MULCH ITS BIOMASS, AND FEED IT TO OUR LIVING WORLD.



YOU HAVE QUITE A LOT OF BIOMASS....

ZOM. EXTINGUISH HIM.

HEY... HEY!



YAHHH!



THE POLICE
SERGEANT!
OH, DEAR!
THEY'LL KILL
HIM!

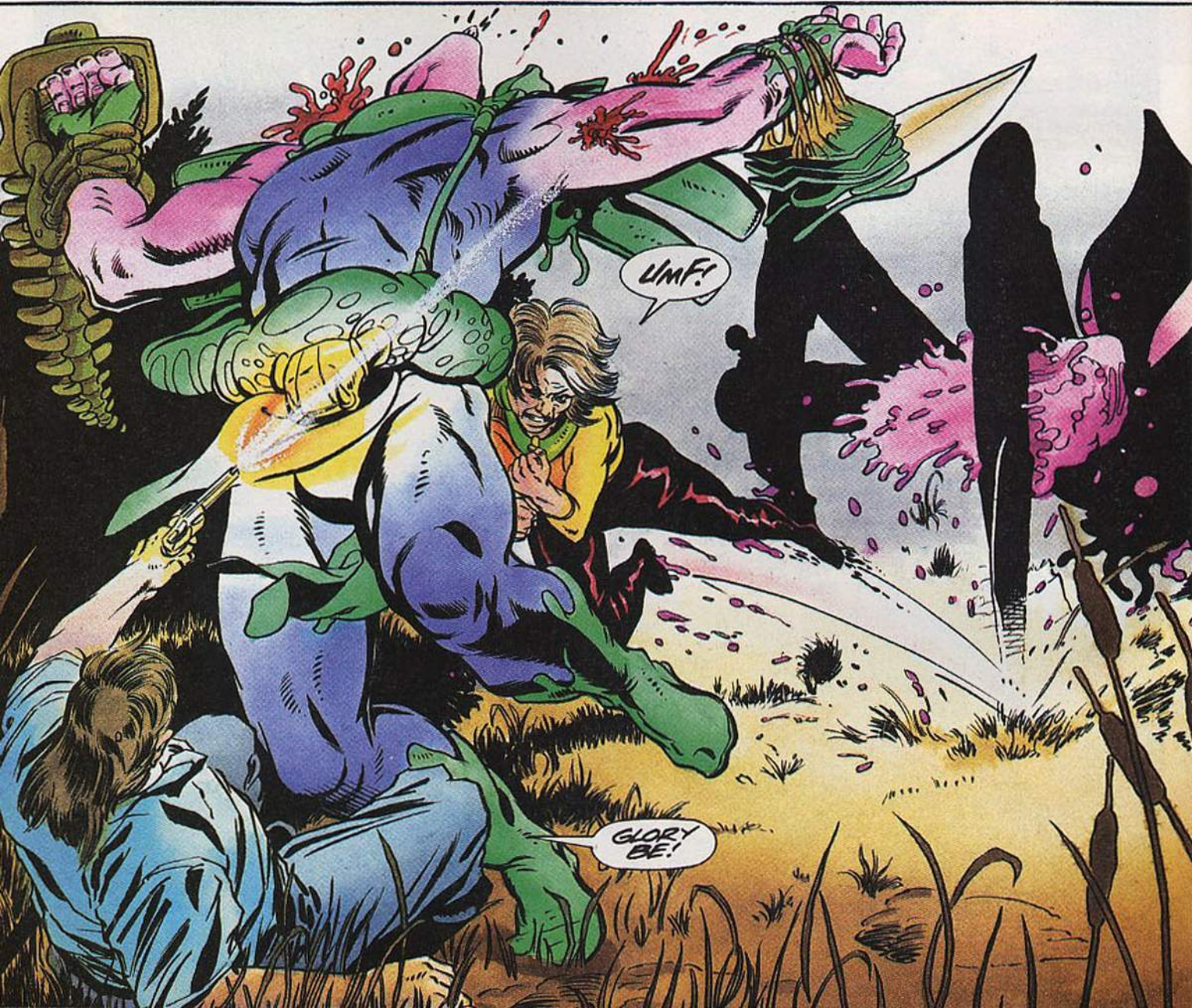


COME ON, LOUISE... YOU CAN PUSH
YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS!

COME ON!

COOKIE, COOKIE, IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME, TRY TO
WAKE EVERYONE UP!
PLEASE, COOKIE!

WE HAVE
TO FIGHT
THESE
TERRIBLE
PEOPLE!



UMF!

GLORY
BE!



COOKIE, THANKS FOR THE WAKE-UP NUDGE.

HOLD ON, EVERYBODY. I THINK I'VE GATHERED ENOUGH LIGHT....



NICE WORK, PREACH!



TELL US WHAT TO DO, LIEUTENANT!

I...I DON'T KNOW. JUST PLOW INTO 'EM!

I'M STILL DIZZY...



CAREFUL! THESE BIG ONES ARE STRONG, AND THEY'RE HARD, LIKE THEY'VE GOT SHELLS! AND, UM, THERE'S A LOT OF THEM.

YOU BIG MOUSE! SHUT UP! HIT 'EM!

RICK'S DOING HIS BEST, LIEUTENANT. HE WORRIES, THAT'S ALL.



ORG'S PHLEGM! THEY'VE BLASTED ONE OF OUR SKY-SCOLIRGES!

I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE EXTINGUISHED THEM IMMEDIATELY!

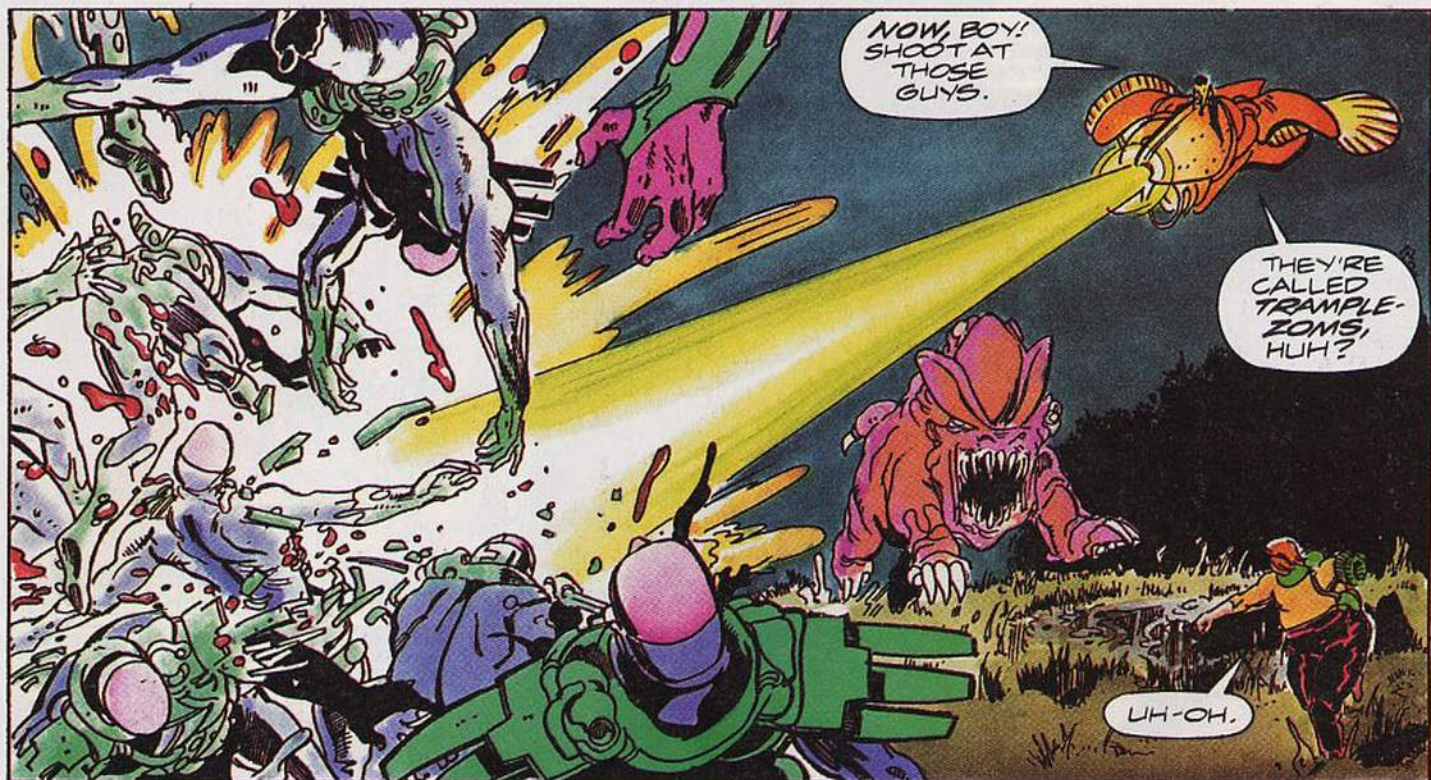


COME, LET'S JOIN THE BATTLE, SUE.

NO. I WANT TO WATCH THESE "WASTE PRODUCTS" FIGHT. THEY APPEAR TO BE MORE USEFUL THAN I THOUGHT.









NEXT: PART THREE--
"SPLATTERBATTLE!"